

stood no better than I, they received very little blessing.

Up in one corner a crowd was gathered about a kind of pasteboard scene, which we became interested in and went up closer. There they had a pasteboard representation, life size, of an underground cave used as a stable in which was a kind of rude manger in which lay a pasteboard, painted baby, around which stood a pasteboard painted Virgin, and a pasteboard Joseph whose one leg seemed to persist in dropping off and letting the old gentleman prostrate himself very objectly before or upon the pasteboard infant. Then there were several pasteboard painted Wise Men, who stood around looking on very stolidly and indifferently. A young priest had to take charge of the pasteboard Joseph and drive a few nails into his pasteboard leg to hold it to his body so he could maintain the dignity of his traditional position, which seemed to be quite an inferior one. Then to relieve the monotony of the situation a long red priest had to walk into the pasteboard cave occasionally, lay off his long robe and by main strength "tote" the pasteboard wise men to a new position. Then, there was an electric incandescent-lamp star situated just back of a hole in the pasteboard sky to be seen out of the door of the cave, which would occasionally shine out with great brilliancy for a few minutes and then suffer total eclipse for a time. Well, the spectacle did not appeal to my devotional feelings at all. I wanted to laugh. And I suppose if they could have seen my emotions which I kept covered they would have put me out. Yet, kneeling there before that pasteboard scene were dozens of people, gazing rapturously at the affecting scene. I suppose all that ailed me was, I was not a Catholic. It was to me the sheerest frivolity. To them it was a soul stirring reality.

This is the church where a while ago they were selling little medals and pieces of bone as amulets advertising them as sure cures for rheumatism and in fact all kinds of diseases. And the wonder is that thousands were buying them. This illustrates Catholicism here in New York. There is a Catholic church just in the next block above us here called St. Ann's. I'm told that a few years ago it was a little struggling chapel scarcely able to hold a service.

But a priest came who was an enterprising genius and who had an eye to business. He got an old skeleton somewhere and gave it out to his people that the bones of St. Ann (whoever she was!) had been found and brought to America and on a certain day would be exhibited in the church. He further stated that so saintly had this St. Ann been in her life, that her bones possessed miraculous powers and that any who were crippled or blind or sick who touched her bones would be healed *provided* they had faith.

Well on the appointed day a crowd of curious people were on hand and some of

them were sick. When the time came to see the bones and to touch them, it was so much per look or touch. Well, that didn't deter Catholics; they paid their money. They were used to such things. And some very zealous ones declared they were healed. The fame spread until the church wouldn't hold the people and the street was crowded. This continued for some time. Then the church began to buy property adjoining. It has gone on until they own most of the block today. They run a day school for boys and a boarding school for girls.

The church is well fixed up and a large congregation worship there. I don't know what became of dear old St. Ann's bones, but a story could easily be invented to dispose of them which would arouse no suspicion in the minds of such people. That's the Catholic way to build up a church. Praise God it is not the real Protestant way. And I hardly think Christ, to put it mildly, would proceed exactly that way.

L. A. BANKS

A great Methodist divine whom we heard a few weeks ago is Dr. Louis Albert Banks. He came over from Brooklyn recently. He seems to be popular. In the prelude to his sermon he replied to Dr. Rainsford and Bishop Potter, who a short time before had declared that Prohibition was a failure everywhere it had been tried and that the W. C. T. U. was composed of good women who were doing the devil's work. These divines had given utterance to the above sentiments in speaking on the subject of the Sunday closing of saloons in New York.

Well, Dr. Banks went after them in Methodist fashion. In Iowa it would have been called a Prohibition speech and if his church had been composed of opposing parties he might have been asked to move on. But here in New York the unexpected is very likely to occur. In one pulpit the saloon is called "Hell's anti room" and in another "the workingman's club," with equal impunity and with equal earnestness.

A HORSELESS SLEIGH

Certainly New York is a great city. This winter saw the introduction of the horseless sleigh on Seventh Ave. This is how it came about. Two men were talking about automobiles one day in December, when the first snow was falling here and the one ventured the assertion that it would not be long before men would be going up and down Seventh Ave. in horseless sleighs, as well as horseless carriages. The other scoffed at the idea. The first persisted and said he was thinking of having one made for himself. The other laughed. But this one said he would bet most anything that he would ride up Seventh Ave. in a horseless sleigh when the next snow came. The other asked what he would care to wager on that. He replied that he wouldn't care to risk more than a bottle of champagne. The other replied that he would take the bet.

There the matter dropped. A snow came

in a week or so sufficient for sleighing and what was the other man's surprise one afternoon to see his friend drive up to his door on Seventh Ave. in a horseless sleigh. It certainly was horseless; he was driving an old mule. The newspaper said that the other man admitted he had won the wager.

A FRIEND'S FACE

We were very glad to hear a few days ago that Bro. Cassel would be in the city and would call on us. We spent a couple of hours together here in our rooms very pleasantly and then went down town to some of the missions. We first went to the Florence Crittenden Mission for fallen women. It was pretty well filled. Some women, but many men also. But, O, the sadness of those faces. My, but sin does paint awful pictures!

A mission worker by the name of Johnson, a unique character, spoke in his own queer way. It was a good meeting.

I was impressed by the words which are formed with gas lamps just back of the pulpit, "God is love." How appropriate that those words should stand out there shining literally "in letters of living light" to all these sinned souls! There was a contrast: at one end of the hall a group of faces scattered here and there on which was plainly written "The wages of sin is death;" at the other shining out the words "God is love." O, we who serve God have so much to thank him for. My, how forgetful we are! From what depths of woe and shame and despair his salvation has saved us we can only guess when we see faintly pictured the ravages of sin on those who have not accepted this great salvation.

Then we went to Dr. Furry's mission, called "The New York Rescue Band Mission." He was not there, so we failed to see him. From there we went to a Chinese restaurant and had a lunch. Well, it wasn't Pennsylvania Dutch cooking, but I suppose it was first class Chinese.

We enjoyed the evening very much. Bro. Cassel is the first member of our own church we have seen since here, whom we knew before coming here. It seemed good to see him and talk. Friendship is precious here; what must it be over there where we shall know as we are known!

FOREIGN MISSIONS

P. H. BEAYER

*In selecting a foreign mission field, should the Brethren choose a heathen or a Christian land?*

It is noticeable that enormous sums of money are being raised and expended upon sectarian missions in Christian lands. This is done most largely, I believe, in Europe and South America. Should sectarian competition of this nature be encouraged by the Mission Board in the beginning of the work which it is about to undertake? Are those contributions made to promote the conver-